

SPIDER'S CHAPS.

By WOLCOTT LE OBEAR BEARD.

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CHAPTER V

IN WHICH SPIDER RETURNS IN TRIUMPH.

I had never seen rain fall as it did then. It seemed to come in streams. It beat through the heavy canvas of my tent, forming a mist on the inside. The continuous crash of the falling water would have drowned the report of a mortar.

It rained and rained and kept on raining. Little brooks formed on the plain, then came together and made larger ones that finally tumbled over the edge of the cliff in a series of cascades. When an hour later the foreman and Spider returned to the camp, there were no signs of a let up. One by one our disheartened cowboys staggered in and reported to my tent, where the nearest approach to shelter was to be found. None of them seemed particularly surprised when told of the disappearance of our cattle. They had expected it all along, they said.

"I don't never remember seeing rain las' so long as this around here," said Lee as he tried vainly to light a damp match on the sole of his soaked boot in order to light the wet tobacco with which he had filled his pipe. "Them fellows must 'a' seen the storm coming up an' then come over a purpose ter stampede the herd. Course we can't do nothing till it lets up, an' then we'll have ter do some hunting, I reckon. This rain'll have washed out all the tracks."

"We'll find the tracks again without much trouble," replied the foreman. "There ain't no doubt but what we got ter do something, though. Question is, what?"

"Looks to me as though we were in something of a scrape," I observed, trying hard not to speak despondently.

"Name so bad as what it might be," replied the foreman, philosophically. "We got ter make a plan, that's all."

We held a disconsolate council with the water drumming over us on the strained canvas so that we had to raise our voices in order to make them heard. The plan, when finally decided upon, was a very simple one. That the thieves had made a clean sweep was evident, for none of the men who had come in had found any cattle. They had all been driven away. Now, to cover so much ground in so short a time argued that our enemies had a force much larger than ours—one that we could hardly hope, unaided, to defeat.

Therefore it was decided that as soon as it stopped raining some of the men would scatter over the desert to find, if possible, some trace of the missing cattle, while we would send a messenger to some ranches that lay on the other side of the river some 30 miles below us, with instructions to bring back all the men that could be mustered. Cattlemen are usually ready to help each other in cases of this kind, for no one knows when his own turn to require help may come. In this instance, too, the community of cattle thieves had long been a menace to the men on whom we called. All of them probably had suffered from this or another raid.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it began. The clouds parted and were blown in dark shreds across the sky. The pools that lay in shallow depressions of the plain were like beds of coals as the level rays of the setting sun reddened them.

As we had planned, the foreman sent five men in different directions with orders to search for traces of the missing herd, to let us know at once if any were found, and to report by midnight in any case. Delighted at the prospect of action, the men trooped out of my tent. Some of them spread their blankets out to dry. Others offered needless help to the men who were preparing to set out. The rest, Spider among them, lounged about the cook wagon and "joshed" the Ballet Girl, to use their own phrase, because he could not start his fire. For some minutes the foreman stood in the door of my tent rubbing his chin thoughtfully. Then he called to Spider.

"Look—here, you kid," said he. "You heard what we said 'bout sending down the river, ter get more men. Well, I want you ter saddle up a fresh pony an' be ready ter start in five minutes. Hear? The boss, here, he'll write a note fer you ter take. Get a wiggle on, now."

This laugh that Spider brought with him faded from his face. This was business, and without a word he nodded and strode away.

"I reckon he's about the best one ter send," continued the foreman, turning to me. "He'll do what he sets out ter do every time. Then it ain't likely that's any danger down that way, an' you can't tell what'll turn up there. I'll keep the kid outter mischief fer awhile."

While the foreman was speaking I had torn a leaf out of an account book and had written the note. Suddenly I became aware that the laughter and talk of the men had hushed. A second later Spider, his face working up a rigid grin, dashed into the tent, caught up a rifle and vanished.

"Spider!" roared the foreman, lifting his fist that closed the tent door. Through the opening I could see that Spider had dropped on one knee and was talking careful aim at something that was out of my view.

"What you join? Come dere!" I commanded the foreman sternly. Lowering his rifle, Spider rose slowly to his feet, keeping his eyes fixed on the point to which he had been aiming. Running to the door I followed his gaze and saw that it was out of my view.

"On a ridge of sand, half a mile away three men were galloping up and down, waving their hats and firing pistols. They were shouting, too, for the faint echoes of their shouts reached us."

"Look there!" cried Spider. "See them men? Hollis is one of 'em, at that grasser what shot at me las' night. They're givin' us the laugh, that's what they're doin'. 'Cause we los' our cattle an' they got 'em. Are you fellows?"

"Come here! Hear me?" commanded the foreman again. "Look here, young man, he contained as Spider came in, he instantly followed. "It ain't a good idea to let him go on his own, but you see you had to let him go. You had to let him go. You had to let him go."

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orders too. Nobody what won't obey orders works in my gang. There wasn't no shootin' called for. Besides," he added as an afterthought, "you'd-a' knowned if you'd had any sense that you could not hit nothing at that range." Spider glanced at the foreman and his face fell.

"That's right. I los' my head clean. I know I did. I won't do it again an' say, I'm awful sorry," he said penitently. Carefully lowering the hammer, he placed the rifle, apparently as a sort of token of surrender, in the foreman's hands. Then, without another look at the men who were still cowering about on the ridge, he went away to saddle a horse.

"The boy's got the best eyes of anybody in the outfit, all right enough," said the foreman, setting down the rifle. "I always knowed that, but yet I don't believe he can tell who those men are, not so far away as that."

It certainly seemed impossible that Spider could distinguish any one at so great a distance. I ran into the tent to get a pair of fieldglasses, but when I returned the men had disappeared.

"Jos' give one yell an' then walloped off behind the ridge thar as you went in," said the foreman. "They was lef' behind by the res' er their gang so's ter watch us, I reckon, an' see what we're a-gonter do."

"Well, they won't watch nothing," commented Lee, who had strolled up to us. "They're drunk an' they'll get drunker, specially if Hollis is there. He's been sober so long now that he won't stop soon once he gets started."

"Meekness an' sobriety an' the rest of it ain't his style enough ter hurt," agreed the foreman. "But maybe Hollis wasn't there. Look a here, you kid," he called as Spider rode up on the biggest and, next to his own, the ugliest horse I had brought from the ranch. "I forgot ter tell you before that you're likely ter steer up agin's a heap er trouble one er these times if you go shootin' at men what you don't know, specially when they're so far off you can't hit 'em. It ain't perlit."

So earnest was Spider that he flinched for the moment to see that the foreman was joking.

"I did know 'em—two of 'em—Hollis an' that there grasser," he cried. "I saw 'em. Deed I did. Honest."

"So?" replied the foreman, with assumed gravity. "Well, if that's the case, jus' you climb down off that horse an' go an' get yer supper 'fore you start."

"Don't need ter. Got some grub here in my canteen (saddlebag)," The Ballet Girl gave it to me jus' now. Mayn't I go?" The foreman waved his hand and smiled. With an answering grin Spider galloped away.

In view of the distance that must be traveled we hardly expected to see Spider again before daylight. Making allowance for delays, we hoped to get away on the following evening. To me the wait of 24 hours seemed a fatal waste of time. The cattle would probably be well into Mexico before that.

"Prawbly they will," agreed the foreman. "Then all we got ter do is ter get 'em outter Mexico again, that's all." This was delightfully simple in theory. The practice, I feared, would be somewhat difficult. It was obviously impossible for us to move, as we were then situated. Until our re-enforcement should come we could do nothing but wait.

Much sooner than was expected, however, these re-enforcements came. The men were just finishing their supper. In order to guard against a possible though unlikely attempt at surprise, one of their number, posted in a position from which he could watch both the mesa and the river flat, was acting as sentry. Suddenly he hailed the camp.

"There's a gang er men an' horses comin' up the river," he cried. In an instant every man was on his feet, had caught up his rifle and was running to the edge of the cliff, sheltering himself behind the rocks that fringed it. Some of the men were ordered to fall back in order to guard us against surprise from the rear. They went, and then for a moment there was silence on the top of the cliff. A buzz of conversation from the men below could be plainly heard.

"Them fellows ain't greasers, anyhow," whispered the foreman.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Why, greasers talks high up in their heads, like women, er kids. These men talks low in their chests, like us. Listen."

"Hello the camp!" hailed some one from below.

"Hello below. Who are you?" roared the foreman in return.

"From the X bar X ranch. Ther's more of us comin' How'd yer get up that, anyhow?"

"Wait er minute," called the foreman. While the conversation was going on Lee had laid down his rifle and had been hurriedly gathering the resinous branches of the greasewood shrub that grew about us thickly, and binding them together with a rawhide thong. Lighting the bundle at the first he ran back and threw it over the edge of the cliff. Fanned by the draft made by its fall, the resinous wood blazed like a firework of some kind. The horses of the party below shied and capered as the glare struck their eyes, and there was some swearing among their riders. The light showed half a score of lean, unburdened men, heavily armed and well mounted. Their leader, an elderly man on a silver trimmed saddle, was at once recognized as an old acquaintance by the foreman.

"Glad ter see yer, Hayward," called he. "Turn ter yer left, thar, an' you'll find a trail what'll bring yer safe up. Sorry ter see that flare down, but we had ter be sure you was friends. Come up!"

Filling over the rough path that zigzagged up the cliff, the ranchers reached the tableland.

"Mighty glad you all's come—didn't expect you so soon," said the foreman, shaking hands with Hayward. "How'd yer leave the cattle down your way?"

"There aren't any cattle down our way—not so much as a calf left," was the response. "This raid is the biggest thing I ever knew. It has wiped out every brand on the river anywhere along here. The boys are all up. We're the first, but the rest are coming, all that can. Seven of our men will never star again."

"Gone out?" asked the foreman.

"Yes, shot by the thieves. I met that boy you sent after us about half an hour ago. He didn't know what to make of us any more than you did, and one of the boys who rode out to see who he was nearly got shot for his pains. We made him understand after awhile that we weren't rustlers, and then he gave us your message."

"Why didn't he come back with you?" I asked.

"Don't know. I told him he might as well for we were all up and coming, but he asked us to tell you that he'd return shortly, and then he struck over the desert, going south. I don't know where he was bound for."

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from the other three came three pistols and a knife.

"Say, where'd you get them guns an' boots an' things?" queried the Ballet Girl impatiently. "Answer when your spoke to, can't you? Quick, now, else there'll be a kid somewheres round here what gets a flickin' What you been a-doin', eh?"

Spider arranged the pistols and knife in an orderly row beside the rifles, then got the boots and added them to the collection.

"Them things," he said, looking around at his auditors with a triumphant grin—"them things belongs—that is, they did belong—to Hollis an' that grasser what was cavortin' round here yestiddy an' to two other men what I don't know. They're my prisoners, all of 'em, an' they're back here a ways on the desert now waitin' for some one ter come fer 'em."

The strangers unsaddled their horses and picketed them, then rolled them—



"There!" he exclaimed. "I thought I wasn't never goner get back."

sees in their blankets and went to sleep. Most of our men followed their example. Assisted by Lee and the foreman the Ballet Girl was breaking provisions and utensils out of the cook wagon and arranging them in packs ready to place on the horses. The wagon was to be left where it was for the time. We could not take it with us. It would never have been able to keep up.

From time to time men came struggling in in knots of four or five or sometimes more. None of them had seen Spider. I asked them all.

The night was wearing on. The moon rose, showing the forms of the sleeping men and making the glow of our dying fire seem redder than ever in contrast to the silver light. The Ballet Girl had nearly finished his preparations, and the camp became more and more silent.

One after another our scouts returned, each one reporting that he had seen the trails of not one, but several herds of cattle, all of them heading in one direction with the evident purpose of meeting at some point farther on. They were bound eastward, too, and not toward the south, where lay the Mexican line, as we expected they would. I feared that this change of direction might have some dangerous significance, and, as usual, asked the foreman about it.

"So far as sellin' the cattle goes, they won't no use in cattle across the line right here," said he. "They'd 'a' had ter pull down ter Palomas anyhow—Palomas is the nearest town in Mexico—an' the way they're goin' is the shortest way. It means they think they're strong enough to hol' us back if we meet up with 'em; that's all. But I don't reckon they think we'll meet up with 'em. I'm a-gonter turn in Wonder where that kid has got ter?"

"There he comes now," replied the cook. "Where on top er the world do you reckon he got them horses? An'—an, say, what in blazes is that thing what he's got on his saddle in front of him? I been a lookin' at him fer five minutes, but I can't make it out."

"Looks like he'd cut a man in two an' was bringin' half of him home," observed Lee. It did look something like that. Spider was centering toward us, leading three horses by their neck ropes. Astride of his saddle there hung an object that seemed to be a pair of short, knobby legs terminating in a pair of large boots that banged the horse's withers at every step. From the tops of the legs something was sticking out.

"Them's his chaps—the kid's chaps," said Lee. "He's stopped up the bottoms er the legs with them boots, held in by the foot straps, an' he's got 'em stuffed full er smotherin' them things what's stickin' out er rifles."

As he caught sight of us Spider waved his hand and forced his horse to a faster gait, which made the legs kick wildly.

"There!" he exclaimed as he rode up to the cook wagon. "I thought I wasn't never goner get back. Them horses, they held back all the way. Couldn't tie 'em to the horn cause the line pinched my leg, so I had ter lead 'em. They most pulled my arms out by the roots. He dismounted while speaking and with great deliberation proceeded to tie the horses to a wheel of the cook wagon. Then I saw that, besides the boots which decorated the bottoms of his chaps, Spider had tied three other pairs in the back of his saddle."

Some of the men who had not been asleep or who were waked by the stir left their blankets and gathered about us.

"What's that you got in your chaps there and an' where'd you get them boots?" inquired Lee. Spider answered never a word. Going to his horse, he unlashed with some difficulty the chaps that hung over the saddle. First he pulled forth four rifles that stuck out and laid them carefully on the ground. Then, taking the boots in his hands, he turned the chaps upside down. Four pistols tumbled out of the eye low

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)
RIGHTS OF A HORSE.

Animals Rescued by the Humane Society Caused a Lawsuit.

For the first time in the history of the state of Colorado the right of a horse as being entitled to sufficient food and proper shelter at his master's expense is to be tested before the courts, with the Humane Society upholding the horse's side of the case.

The facts of the case are as follows: During the extreme cold weather and period of deep snows last January, Agent Bailey received reports that there was a band of horses, thirteen or fourteen in number, twelve miles up in the mountains from Wauweta, and that the animals were snowed in and starving to death. They had been turned out by their owner to shift for themselves during the winter. With a companion he made a trip on snowshoes to the place, and after considerable difficulty found the animals. They were in the heavy timber. The snow, five or six feet deep on a level, they had packed down by tramping about, so that they were shut in by the white walls of snow several feet high, forming a "yard" such as the elk make in the aspen thickets during the winter. The poor beasts were terribly emaciated, and in the last extremities of starvation.

Agent Bailey and his companion returned to Wauweta and went back on snowshoes as soon as possible with hay for the all but famished animals. One or two died from cold and privation, in spite of the efforts of the two men. It was three weeks before a path could be beaten to the town and the horses able to travel. They were then taken to Wauweta, and their owners, known from the brands on the horses, notified.

Agent Bailey demanded from each owner pay for the food taken to the horses and the necessary expense in removing them from the mountains. This was refused by the owners, and the horses were held by the agent. A suit to replevin was then instituted by the owners for the recovery of the horses.

This is the case as it stands, and the decision of the court will determine whether or not a horse that has been left by his owner to starve during the winter may contract a bodily bill for which the master is liable, and in a large degree fix the relations of owner and owned.—Denver Post.

America at the Paris Exposition.

Our coacher has been ordered to turn into the Avenue de la Tour Marbourg, and suddenly I find that we have come out upon the Quai d'Orsay, and are at the entrance of the Pont des Invalides. Here cabby is ordered to halt, and looks on in surprise when we descend into the ankle deep dust and proceed, by means of our open sesame, to the place where four American flags at the corners of a large square indicate the enclosure chosen by our Commissioner-General for the American Pavilion. Here, on the five gables, in company with others of the Pavilions des Etrangers, will stand the American pavilion, a beautiful and attractive structure whose broad steps lead down to the water. Here Americans may land, and at once receive that welcome and attention which the visitor soon discovers its second nature to the Commissioner-General and his staff; and here, more than anywhere else in Paris, will be found himself thoroughly at home.—New York Herald.

Rigid Test for Matrimony.

Both the northern and western islands of Scotland the natives have some peculiar customs unfamiliar to the dwellers of the main land. One of these, known as the "marriage test," is practiced in the island of St. Kilda, where the population barely exceeds a hundred. The desire among the islanders to increase their number does not seem to be exceptionally strong, and every man before he is deemed suitable for a husband has to perform an evolution with no little bodily risk. The St. Kildians, are, of course, adept rock climbers, and the aspirant for matrimony is therefore subjected to the test of balancing himself on one leg on a narrow ledge overhanging a precipice, bending his body at the same time in order to hold the foot of the other leg in his hand. If found lacking in courage the maiden withdraws her betrothal, and should the man fail to overcome the ledge it is presumed that in his case he will be disqualified.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Farmer's Find.

Ever since last September Eugene Doolittle, a farmer living at Rockwell's mill, in this county, has been driving about in a wagon with \$2,000 under the seat cushions. He made the discovery by accident yesterday. The wagon is a two-seated one, and Mr. Doolittle was giving it a thorough cleaning, preparatory to taking his family for a drive. As he took up the cushion of the back seat he saw a long wallet under them. It contained a ten-dollar gold piece and \$2,000 in pennies. The name of the owner was on a card in the pocketbook, and the honest farmer returned the property immediately. It had probably been stolen at the county fair in Norwich in September, and hidden under the cushions.—Norwich (N. Y.) Cor. Philadelphia Record.

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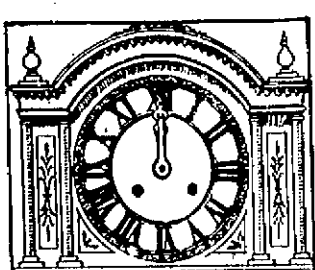
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10:45 a. m., 12:45, 3:45, 6:45 p. m.

WEEKDAYS, for BOSTON, 7:00, 8:00, 11:00 a. m.,

1:00, 3:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:45, 7:45,

10:45 a. m., 12:45, 3:45, 6:45 p. m.

For PORTSMOUTH, 7:00, 8:00, 11:00 a. m.,

1:00, 3:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:45, 7:45,

Bad Work on a Chinese Line.

The construction of the Chinese Eastern Railway (the Russo-Manchurian line) would appear to be proceeding under many and seriously retarding difficulties. The czar himself is said to be much displeased by its lagging progress. The chief engineer, M. Yugo-vitch, has been summarily dismissed by imperial order and replaced by the well known railway engineer expert, M. Ignatius. The constructive administration has, for the sake of short-sighted economy—and not improbably with a less worthy purpose—elected to employ Chinese in preference to Russian labor. The daily pay demanded by the Chinese is from 30 to 40 kopecks, or from sevenpence-half penny to tenpence, while the Russian workman declines to accept anything less than a ruble and 60 kopecks, or three shillings and three pence per diem.

The Chinese make up their scant remuneration by a wholesale and well organized system of petty larceny, and what is more serious, by a systematic embezzling of their work. Long stretches of embankments have been so imperfectly built that quite unnecessarily, they will occupy more than six months' extra labor before the sleepers and rails can be permanently laid. The Russian official supervisors are, of course, equally culpable in this matter. On the Charkov-Grausk section the rails are not yet laid, and between the former place and the frontier station it is only as yet possible, and that with difficulty, to run light ballast trains carrying workmen and material. The supply of wagons, locomotives and other mechanical appliances is like belated and dislocated. The telegraphists at twenty consecutive stations recently abandoned their posts and struck for higher salaries; they were previously receiving only 30 rubles per month.

By special imperial command all these drawbacks are to be remedied forthwith, and it is hoped that the new line will be completed by the end of 1901, but the remaining bridges to be erected will consume at least another twelve months. The Russo-Chinese Eastern Railway will not, therefore, be opened for through traffic before 1902, or about fifteen months later than the time originally reckoned upon for the completion of the Manchurian system, to which Russia attaches so much political, strategic and commercial importance.—London Standard.

At the Head of the List.

"February was notable in a book way," says the Eastern letter of the Bookman for April. "In that there was published a new title which at once took its place among the phenomenal leaders in point of sale. The advance orders were very large for 'To Have and To Hold,' by Mary Johnston, and re-orders have continued in increasing numbers, so that it is at present heads the list of best-selling books." The Western letter to the same journal says: "The book of the month was 'To Have and To Hold,' which scored an immediate and extraordinary success, even in these days of extraordinary sales. 'To Have and To Hold' leads, it will be noticed, although the work was not published until the latter half of the month."

"To Have and To Hold" was published February 17, so that it gained the leading position in just eleven days. Six weeks after publication, it had been issued to the number of 150,000. This unprecedented popularity is based, not on "booming" but on remarkable merit. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris says that "Miss Johnston's two books ('Prisoners of Hope' and 'To Have and To Hold') represent the high water mark of American fiction since Hawthorne died."

Mrs. A.—It's really extraordinary! My nurse tells me that gentlemen are always stopping her in the street to admire my little girl!

Mrs. B.—How lovely she must be!

Mrs. A.—Oh, I don't know. Of course I think her pretty, because I am her mother.

Mrs. B.—Oh, I meant the nurse, dear!

Punch.

Hotel man (who thinks he is cutting down his butcher)—Say, I am shy a head and a liver, eight ribs and a shoulder. Now, I want 'em right away.

Railway officer (who has been connected by mistake)—Sorry, sir, but the wreck has been cleared up.—Baltimore American.

"What am I to get for it?" asked the ward politician.

"Oh, you'll be taken care of," answered the "boss."

"Not any," returned the politician. "I'll have to see the cash. I'm no faith dealer."—Chicago Evening Post.

Clerk—While you were at luncheon Mr. Slopaw was here. He left this dollar for his shoes.

Shoemaker—Half-soled?

Clerk—No. I should say one-fourth soled. He took a \$1 pair.—Philadelphia Press.

The Arizona editor who divides his spare hours between reading Kipling and cleaning his guns has just hung this neat placard on the north wall of his sanctum: "Don't submit spring poetry lest we forget."—Chicago News.

Teacher—Was that your father I saw you with yesterday, Willie?

Willie—I guess so. 'T any rate he's the only man that comes into the house that ain't full of beer and wive his feet.—Boston Transcript.

"The age of superstition is rapidly passing," said the professor.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "speaks no longer have even a ghost of a chance."—Philadelphia North American.

Joe—Aren't you rejoiced that outdoor sports have begun again?

"Outdoor sports? Oh, say—you don't mean it's time to beat carpets again, do you?"—Chicago Record.

Miss G.—Oh, I think plucking must be just lovely. What does the foreman do when you make a pie?

Golly! He gets crusty.—Baltimore American.

Politician—The question is, What shall we do with our new possession?

Youngman—I'll tell you what I do with mine: I walk the floor nights with it.—Harper's Bazar.

She—Are your sympathies with the Boers or the English?

Her Friend—Oh, the English! Those Boers wear such horrid leathers.—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Brooks—Do you have any trouble getting servants?

Mrs. Rogers—No, I've had five in the last two weeks.—Tit-Bits.

Off all feathered songsters the lay of the hen is the most popular.—Chicago News.

IN A SUBMARINE BOAT.

Mishaps While Examining the Ground Under Lake Michigan.

Richard Raddatz, inventor of the bathyscaphe, a submarine boat, and two engineers, on a trip to the bottom of Lake Michigan, had a thrilling and dangerous experience in Lake Michigan last Saturday. From the effects of which neither he, his men, nor his boat, fortunately, suffered any injury.

For some time past Mr. Raddatz has been engaged in a survey of the bottom of Lake Michigan, off the harbor entrance. To the southeast and about half a mile from the harbor entrance, there lies in the lake bottom a red clay bank. Beyond and around it is a chain, sunken bottom, varying in depth from twenty-five to fifty-five feet. Near the bank last Saturday Mr. Raddatz sank his boat in what proved afterward to be a depression in the bottom. Supposing that the boat was comparatively level, he ordered the craft ahead, when suddenly she tilted and pitched into a submarine bank.

The craft was moving at a speed of about four miles an hour, and the shock of the collision was sufficient to throw the occupants of the boat with unpleasant force against the object in front of them. The boat was stuck fast and it was only after half an hour's clanking of the propeller that she was loosened.

The same day the boat was lowered to the bottom about three miles from shore in a line directly eastward from the harbor entrance, upon what proved later to be a dark clay of an adhesive consistency. When an attempt was made to raise the boat, she would not move, to the consternation of the inmates. Here they were caught longer than at the other spot. Investigation showed that no injury had been done to the machinery, and that everything was apparently in working order. It appeared that the craft had been permitted to rest too heavily upon the sticky clay, and was being held fast. The operation of the propeller, which is driven by new and powerful machinery in the boat, threw up the mud in a dark cloud about the boat, and she finally lifted clear of the dangerous bed, while her inventor proceeded at once on his return to the dock in the Kindred's tug.

The surveyors taken by Mr. Raddatz, the first extensive ones he had made, show that for about three miles from the harbor mouth there lies a clay bank on the bottom of the lake, although the surrounding land is sand bottom. Apparently this clay was deposited where it lies by scows or vessels there by the Milwaukee River. To the northeast is a rock bottom covering a large area. This is near the lake tunnel. The water there is clear as crystal and the rocky bottom plainly visible. About three miles out the water has an average depth of fifty-five feet.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Paris Beggars Hire "Families."

The police have just arrested outside the fashionable church of La Trinite several professional beggars, all of them accompanied by children of whom they were not the parents.

There are certain recognized centers for this abominable traffic, and a regular tariff is in operation at these child markets. The trade is by far the briskest in winter. In ordinary times, when no special holiday is in progress, a child of from five to ten years may be hired cheaply, the current charge being eightpence a day or two shillings if the weather is very cold. Babies in arms or those who can only just toddle are more expensive, fetching double and treble this sum. On Christmas Day and New Year's day, when beggars are practically not interfered with by the police and reap their richest harvests, the prices are much higher. As much as a sovereign has to be paid on these special occasions for a baby only a few months old, and even this sum is exceeded in the case of the hapless little creatures who are ill, and who are thus likely the more ready to move the passer-by to pity. Older children on these holidays may be hired for eight shillings a day. If the beggar continues at work throughout the evening he has to supply the child with supper. He also has to undertake to pay for a doctor if his victim should fall ill from exposure.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Beggar Jim Was Rich.

James Grayson, a former Mississippi Indian country nearly a quarter of a century, and who was thought to be quite poor, died last week. He lived in a small hut, 10 feet by 12, and had a wife. His apartments were very dingy and he always wore shabby clothes, and was really a beggar everywhere he went. He was known as "Beggan Jim." On his deathbed he called his wife to his bedside and whispered something to her, and after death the feather bed on which he died was cut open and \$10,000 in gold taken out. Since that time other money and some valuables have been discovered in Grayson's private boxes. His wife says on account of her husband's alleged poverty, she went scantily dressed for many years, and also hungry, unless with her own hands she worked for food and clothing or solicited among the neighbors.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Competent Witness.

United States District Judge Williams, now holding court in Topeka, tells a funny story. Years ago he was a district judge in Arkansas. At a certain term of court a murder trial came before him, and the most important witness for the prosecution was a colored boy only 10 years old. The lawyers for the defense set out to show that the boy was too young to understand the nature of an oath, and therefore was not competent as a witness.

"Boy," said one of them severely, "do you know what would happen if you swore to a lie?"

"Yes, sah, Mammy would k me."

"Would anything else happen?"

"Deed de, would, case de debil would k me."

At this point Judge Williams leaned over his desk and said to the crowd of spectators: "Don't you know, by, but I would get you too?"

"Yes, sah, dat's what I jes' said!"—Kansas City Journal.

Salt in the Ocean.

It is estimated that there are in the world's ocean 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all this salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop one single inch.

Diet for Thinkers.

Raw eggs, milk and plenty of fruit are recommended for brain workers. This is said to be the finest diet known for nourishing the brain.

Good Cookery

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NURSERY COOKERY.

THE ANEMIC AND NERVOUS CHILD.

(Continued from last week.)

By Charlotte Trenchard Perrier.
Sweets should not be eaten largely, but some of the simple preparations given in diarrhoea may be taken, and most plain puddings of sago, arrowroot and farina, as well as creams and blanc manages, are permitted. They are of value as furnishing the much sought after variety, and besides their own nutrition they serve as a vehicle for the cream that must often be taken until the patient becomes weary of it in its unadorned condition.

FLORENTINE CREAM.

Soak a quarter box of gelatine, covered, for half an hour in a gill of cold water. (The necessity of keeping the gelatine covered is emphasized because it is said to attract germs from the air and may thus become a source of illness.) Heat a pint of milk in a double boiler and stir into it the yolks of two eggs, beaten light with two tablespoons of sugar. Be cautious how you put them in lest the eggs curdle. As soon as the mixture begins to thicken a little, pour it upon the gelatine and stir until this is dissolved. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla, and when the cream has cooled, but not stiffened, stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Set in a cold place in form. Eat with cream.

SAGO CREAM.

Soak half a cup of sago over night in cold water. There should be just enough water to cover it. In the morning put it over the fire in a double boiler with a pint of milk and let it simmer until the sago is clear. Half an hour ought to be enough for this. Stir in two tablespoons of sugar, add one egg, beaten very light, flavor to taste—a little lemon juice and some of the grated peel are good for the purpose, and give it to the patient with cream either whipped or plain. All these desserts are better when very cold.

Food, no matter how light, should not be given to a child suffering from debility when he is overfed, or rather, he should not be allowed to become overfed before his meal. If he has been exercising he should be made to lie down and rest for a little while before eating. A short period of rest should follow his meals. In many instances, the child should be encouraged to lie in bed until well along in the course of the morning. It is a great mistake to fancy that there is any advantage to the child in forcing him to take active exercise when he shows a marked disinclination for it. Children are usually such active little beings that they are not, except in rare cases, disposed to avoid activity unless they are so far from well that they should be kept still. It is then that massage is of value, and that for outdoor exercise driving should be encouraged rather than walking or playing. When the child cannot obtain the fresh air in any other manner he may be wrapped up and allowed to sit near an open window, but always out of a draft.

For the child afflicted with tubercular disease in any of its forms, as to the one with a disposition to nervous weakness, fats are usually prescribed. The simplest form in which to give these is as cream, and the patient who can take this in abundance on his cereals, on the arrowroot jelly, the blanc manages and plain puddings that are given him, is probably getting fats in the best way. But again comes in the question of variety, and the home caterer must devise a change in the method of giving fats if she wishes her charge to continue to eat well. Simple cream soups and vegetable purees are excellent, an oyster bisque may be made half cream, a bit of broiled bacon will tempt the appetite, a little fat may be mixed judiciously with the sandwiches of underdone beef. Bread spread with Devonshire cream will sometimes be eaten more willingly than that spread with butter.

Corn, made with plenty of milk, may be used as a drink. A little whipped cream heaped on a slice of milk toast will vary a nourishing dish, and the same addition may be made to clam or oyster broth, and, indeed, to any cream soup. Besides the articles already mentioned, under done beef and mutton, tender poultry, sweetbreads, broiled or broiled fish, and most fresh vegetables may be eaten by the anemic patient.

Never should the duty of eating be made too much of a point to the invalid, whether child or adult. There are few grown people to whom the thought of the necessity of eating a certain amount at a certain time does not bring an absolute aversion to food, a sensation as of an almost physical clutch on the throat. The delicate child suffers in the same way. Diverge him at his invalid meals, make a festival of them, and his appetite and health will both be the gainers.

OYSTER BISQUE.

Drain the liquor from half a pint of oysters and heat it. Chop the oysters fine. Heat a large cupful of rich milk over the fire and thicken it with a teaspoonful each of butter and flour. When it is smooth and the thickening is well blended, put in the oysters and let them become hot. Beat an egg light, pour a little of the hot soup upon it in a cup, return it to the fire and cook one minute. As was said before, this may be made richer by using half cream instead of milk, and it is rendered more attractive if a tablespoonful of whipped cream is put on top of it after it is in the cup.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

Set a large pan of new rich cream on the stove, putting it well to one side, where the temperature will not rise to more than a hundred and fifty degrees. After it has stood there, well at the side

or the back of the stove for a while, the cream will rise thickly on top. When it reaches this stage the cream may be removed and put into a jar for safe keeping. It will remain good for two or three days if in a cool place. It is good to spread on bread or toast with lard and guava or other starchy jelly.

(To be continued next week.)

FOR YOUR SCRAP-BOOK.

Recipes From Many Sources and of Acknowledged Worth.

BRAIN CAKES.

Wash about five ounces of calf's brains in cold water. Season with salt and two sage leaves. Set the pan on the stove, when it comes to a boil skim the broth thoroughly and simmer for ten minutes; take out the brains and put on a cold plate; when the brains are quite cold cut into very small pieces and mix with three ounces of bread crumbs; wash some parsley, squeeze dry, and chop enough to fill a small teaspoon; place a level tablespoonful of butter in a steppan, put it on the fire and when melted add one ounce of flour, one-half a teaspoon of stock, and the chopped parsley; stir the sauce until it boils and thickens, add the bread crumbs and chopped brains, and set on with grace nutmeg, salt and pepper; heat the yolk of an egg, add it to the sauce and stir over the fire until cooked; then turn the whole mixture onto a plate and let it cool; after an hour make the mixture into cakes of equal size, dropping them with flour to prevent their sticking; brush over with egg roll in bread crumbs and set in a frying basket; cook in boiling fat until a golden brown; this will take about twenty minutes. The cakes must be touched very little with the hands.

BOILED COD AND OYSTER SAUCE.

If a fish kettle is not at hand, a plate in the bottom of an ordinary large sauce pan will answer the purpose. The cod is then sewed in a piece of cheese cloth, as there must be only one thickness of cloth over the fish. First wash the fish in cold water, sew up, lay on the plate and cover with boiling salted water, ten minutes being allowed for each pound. While the fish is cooking make a sauce by stirring one tablespoonful of sifted flour into one of boiling butter, then adding gradually to this one-half pint each of hot milk and oyster juice; when all smooth stir in the oysters, salt and pepper to taste. When the oysters curl at the edges the sauce is done; pour over the fish and serve at once.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.

Three pounds of round steak, cut off all the fat and skin; cut into two-inch pieces, roll in flour, put it into a porcelain lined or enameled saucepan, dust with plenty of salt and pepper, cover with cold water, put it on a slow fire and let simmer until tender. For the crust take one quart of flour, one-half pound of fresh beef suet, one tablespoonful of lard and salt to taste. Rub the lard into the flour, chop the suet fine, add to the flour and roll out on a pie board. Line the edge of a deep dish with the paste, put in the meat, cover with the paste (leaving a good sized vent in the center), and bake in a very hot oven until a rich brown.

APPLE PUDDING.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, April 14, 1900.

Labor troubles in this state are multiplying. The weavers' organizations now have grievances and employes in several mills have voted to go on a strike.

There is no option about Sunday closing at the Paris exposition. The management committee exhibits to be open on Sunday, but by special permission the American pavilion will be closed on that day, in response to a request from President McKinley.

The sanitary police of New York are actively enforcing the ordinance prohibiting spitting in street cars. The effect is all right even though the cause of the activity is said to have been the destruction of the dress of an inspector's wife by filthy expectoration.

Commandant Behrman, the successful American leader of the Boer forces, is not the American athlete of the same name, but an old Indian fighter who made a reputation on the Western plains before he sailed for South Africa. The similarity of names at one time threatened complications with this country.

It is quite generally believed that the recent information received from Boer sources regarding another defeat to British arms, is a canard. The British war office has received no news of such a loss and consequently refuses to believe the report. Roberts reports the Boers' "active" but does not mention further reverses.

The office of assistant secretary of the navy appears to have difficulty in retaining an occupant. Roosevelt resigned the office to lead the Rough Riders into Santiago and then stepped from Cuba into the gubernatorial chair of New York. Now Charles H. Allen, the present assistant secretary, is slated for the first civil governor of Porto Rico.

The keels of two steamers, which will form the nucleus of a great trans-Pacific line, will shortly be laid at New London. The vessels will be large affairs, designed primarily for carrying freight, but will have adequate accommodations for about 200 passengers. Thus it will be seen that trade is making preparations to follow the flag to the Philippines.

Cornelius N. Bliss is the latest Republican to decline the honors of a vice-presidential nomination. Roosevelt also is regarded generally as out of the race, so the Republican managers are in as bad a predicament as ever. It is probable that the vice president will now have to come from some state other than New York. There is good material in Rhode Island.

The friends of ex-Consul Macrum must feel very sore over the conduct of that eligible young man. His successor, who is also a young man, but who shows evidence of ability to keep a cool head, reports that there is nothing to indicate that Macrum's mind was tampered with. Somebody once made a trite remark about a racket going up and a kick coming down. That's about the style of Macrum.

It will be noted that President McKinley in speaking of Admiral Dewey refers to him only as the admiral and as the man, not as a politician. The President's words of praise are deserved by the deeds that the man has accomplished and McKinley is the last man to withhold praise where it is due. His reticence in regard to the Admiral's political aspirations are not due to fear of his rivalry, but because there is nothing good that he can say of them.

Notwithstanding that the newspapers of the country have thrown a wet blanket over Dewey's aspirations for the presidency, the admiral appears to be in no way rebuffed. His candidacy at best can be little more than a flimsy. Neither of the great political parties has shown any inclination of selecting him for its candidate and his name may not be mentioned in the conventions. Dewey thinks he is a Democrat, though he can't seem to remember that he has voted the Democratic ticket.

General Assembly.

The general assembly resumed business Tuesday after the recess, but little business of importance has been transacted. The session is expected to be a short one. In the senate a bill was presented and referred to the committee on judiciary, giving an extension of two years' time for the construction of the electric road between Tiverton and Seacombe, giving the road the right to carry freight, and authority to condemn land in case an agreement cannot be reached with the owners. Senator Horton of Newport presented an act to re-vivify and reenact the act to incorporate the Y. M. C. A. of this city, and it was referred to the committee on corporations and later passed. Among the bills recommended for indefinite postponement was that establishing a state detective force. The resolution providing for the conveying to the city of Newport of certain harbor lands belonging to the state, was reported unfavorably. An act authorizing the city council of Newport to issue licenses was recommended for indefinite postponement. This was an amended bill and was of no consequence, a special law having been enacted at the last session of the general assembly. Mr. Vinton of Newport introduced an act amending the charter of the Newport Marine Society in order that the society's affairs

may be wound up. It was referred to the committee on judiciary. On Tuesday the senate concurred with the house in a resolution requesting that one of the new battleships be named Rhode Island.

The Influenza Microbe.

Dr. L. Caze contributes an interesting article on influenza to one of the monthly reviews, says a Paris dispatch to the London Pall Mall Gazette. Under the name of "grippe" the scourge has been known for at least a century. In 1776 it raged with such violence that a doctor, in search, it may be thought, of a novel form of advertisement, offered to give small income to anybody for life who could prove that he had not suffered from the disease. Not a single person, a popular author of the time, made the subject of a comedy, "La Grippe," which is now worth its weight in gold in the eyes of bibliophiles. A still worse visitation of the epidemic occurred in 1893, when a host of illustrious victims succumbed to the plague, including La Harpe and the famous actress, Sophie Arnould and Mlle. Chiron. The influenza, like most other pathological ailments, has its microbe, and a microbe distinguished unfortunately, for its vagabond proclivities. It is ever on the march, and any mode of locomotion, it is wingless and legless and requires to be carried—serves its turn, from ocean-going liners to the wheels of heaven. According to an American scientist, Turkey was the headquarters of the nuisance last winter. Following the lines of international traffic, it has since found its way to numerous localities, but in particular to New York, London and Paris. The modus operandi of the influenza microbe is peculiar. It is not the microbe itself that does the harm, but a poisonous liquid it excretes. A measure of consolation is afforded by the fact that this poison is even more deleterious to the microbe than to the human being in whom it is deposited, for the microbes are being destroyed by their own horrible exhalations, whereas their victims, of course, have many chances of recovery. The microbe is an egg-shaped thing, but gifted, in spite of its roundness and smoothness, with an extraordinary capacity both for adhering to any conceivable surface and for passing from one resting place to another. Its goal is a human nose or mouth, and once in the vicinity of these organs its future is assured, for the mere act of breathing is sufficient to draw it into the system. Arrived there, it propagates itself with amazing rapidity. It lengthens out, and after 20 minutes of this process, it breaks in twain, and there are two fully fledged microbes in the place of one. In 24 hours the original invader will, in this way, be surrounded by a progeny of over 10,000,000 of his poison-producing kindred. In short, the doctors know almost everything about the influenza microbe except an effective method of exterminating it.

Boers Cool Quickly.

An American who has recently returned from South Africa, where he saw some of the fighting from the Boer side, tells of the impression the manner of these fighters made upon him. American soldiers, he said, would follow fighting with singing and cheering and much talk about the details of what they had just gone through. He recalled the reports of the campaigning in front of Santiago. When the Boers get through with a skirmish or a battle they seem to dismiss all recollection of the matter. They go about their cooking, sit down to mend their clothing, read their bibles or engage in some other occupation. Their manner indicates that fighting has been dismissed from their minds immediately after it is over. Within half an hour after a battle the Boer soldiers could be seen sitting about the intrenchments, and when their conversation was noted it was found to have nothing to do with the war. This fact conveyed to the mind of the observer that with fighting made such a matter of duty or business and continued devoid of enthusiasm, the staying quality of the Boers was likely to prove a surprise to the world.

A Famous Turk.

Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, who died in Constantinople on April 4, was born in 1832, and entered the army when he was 21 years of age. He was made a Captain after the Crimean war. He commanded a division against the Servians in 1876, and was afterward made a Marshal during the Russo-Turkish war. Osman Pasha threw his forces into Plevna, and for 144 days prevented the further advance of the Russians. He defeated the 9th Russian Army Corps in July, and September 14 gained a victory, for which the Sultan gave him the title of Ghazel, "the Victorious." He successfully defended Plevna until December 10, when, after a gallant attempt to cut his way through the Russian forces, he was compelled to surrender. Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, complimented Osman Pasha on the defense of Plevna, saying it was one of the most splendid military feats in history. After the war he was appointed commander of the imperial guard and a marshal of the palace. He had also held the post of Minister of War and various other civil posts.

Miss Grace Knowlton Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Thompson, died at the residence of her parents, on Thames street, Wednesday, after a long and lingering illness. Her funeral took place Friday afternoon from her late residence. Rev. E. J. Porter officiated, reading the burial service of the Protestant Episcopal church. The bearers were James Pearson, Lawrence Goldbold, John McInnis, Benjamin Smith, David Downs, Robert McIntosh. The burial was private.

Mr. George Russell Tompkins, of this city, left Monday on his bicycle for a visit to his sister in Potomac, Mass.

Kipling at the Hospital.

Readyard Kipling has been making himself very popular among the wounded at the Roundabout hospital. An officer's wife writes of him there: "He settled among all in the tent, just like an old familiar friend. As such the soldiers quickly recognized him, and in a second all tongues were loosed. The fact is that, while he did not know them individually before, Kipling had spoken with them all in a sense for years through the power of his writing. Yes, and he has thought with them, felt with them, knowing all they cared for and wanted to say. In a word, he loves them all alike, and they know it. In a minute before even he has as much as crossed words with them. So when they talk to him there is no shyness or suspicion, no pecking at closings of their words, nothing withheld. They just prattle away as hard as ever they can, and Kipling replies, too, appreciating their humor to the full, and throwing in a dash of his own incomparable wit and good sense occasionally, which they are just as quick as any one to see and recognize. He fairly convulsed them once or twice, and the whole camp resounded with their laughter and his. 'I haven't laughed so much, sister, not since I came to South Africa,' said one 12th Lancer corporal afterward. 'I think I'd stayed much longer I should have been ill again.'"

Portsmouth.

At the town council meeting on Monday, officers were elected to fill the positions not filled at the town election. The new officers are as follows: Auctioneers—Lorenzo D. Tallman, Henry Anthony, John T. Gardner, Isaac Chase and George A. Wyatt. Town Auditors—Oscar C. Manchester, Reston P. Manchester, John T. Manchester. Overseer of the Poor—William T. Harvey.

Special Constables—Charles L. Coggeshall, George H. Sisson, William H. Fish, Henry Anthony, Robert B. Ahny, Charles E. Harvey, David B. Anthony. Police Constables—Owen Reilly, Walter B. Chase. Dog Constable—Jacob Marx.

Trump Constables—Charles Wilcox, William T. Harvey, Gideon Manchester. Bird Constables—Albert W. Lawrence, Isaac Chase.

Special Constable to act as transient officer—Alonso Levenseller. Special Constable to act as prosecuting officer under the liquor law—Joseph T. Borden.

Appraisers of Dog Damages—William W. Anthony, William L. Sisson, John S. Albro. Stone Bridge Commissioners—William L. Sisson.

Commissioner to act with the "Errand" Town Commissioner to Hire "Draw" Tender at Stone Bridge—William L. Sisson.

Sealer of Weights and Measures—Jacob Marx. Surveyors of Land—John H. Cross, LeRoy Tallman.

Surveyors of Lumber and Cordors of Wood—Henry C. Anthony, Henry F. Anthony, Elbridge L. Stoddard.

Fence Viewers—Edward A. Coggeshall, Joseph Coggeshall, Colby C. Mitchell.

Field Drivers—Edgar M. Sherman, C. Henry Dyer, George A. Wyatt.

Inspector of Ashes and Fish Measures—Henry F. Anthony, Wilbur C. Wheeler.

Commissioner of Town Asylum—Abraham C. Chase.

Weights of Neat Cattle Slaughtered in the Town—Christopher Manchester, Elbridge L. Stoddard.

Weights of Coal and Other Merchandise—John J. Connor, Christopher Manchester, Leander W. Coggeshall, Henry F. Anthony, Wilbur C. Wheeler.

Health Officer and Special Constable to Act with Health Officer—Dr. Minot A. Steele.

Pound Keeper—Jacob Marx.

Last evening, Good Friday, there was a special service for the young people of Trinity Parish in the Guild Hall. Stereoscopic views of the various scenes in the trial, suffering and death of the Saviour, were given and brief comments were made on each.

Petit jurors for the present session of the common pleas division have been drawn as follows: Benjamin Robson, Philip Anthony, Barry E. Higgins, Simon E. Westall, Francis J. Brady, James T. Ramlose, Benjamin Oman, Michael Curran and Daniel Sullivan.

Real Estate Transactions.

Simeon Hazard has sold for Joshua Stacy, Esq., a piece of land at the end of a courtyard running easterly from Wilbur avenue to A. Livingston Mason and others, trustees of the Hartford estate. This sale is for the purpose of giving said Hartford estate a right of way to Wilbur avenue and for the better improvement of their property.

Simeon Hazard has rented on lease for Esme Brown her cottage and grounds, at 11 Summer street, to George H. Wilmarth at present doing business in New York city, but formerly of this city, and who will conduct his usual business in this city summers.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Arthur B. Emmons, has furnished cottage on the east shore front at Jamestown, R. I., to Edward J. Hall, of New York, for the summer season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on lease for Bedros Kazanjian, the two stores at Nos. 8 and 10 of the Kazanjian Building on Bellevue avenue to E. N. Jennings.

Dellos & Eldridge have rented for Mr. George S. Rivers his cottage, on the southerly side of Narragansett avenue, known as "the castle," to Miss Stella D. Hays, of Allegheny City, for the coming season.

Dellos & Eldridge have rented for Mr. E. Rollins Morse his recently acquired property, known as the "Coles place," situated on the corner of Bellevue avenue and Dixon street, to Mrs. Isaac Bell, of New York, for the coming season.

Dellos & Eldridge have sold for Mrs. Stuyvesant LeRoy a lot on the northerly side of Parker avenue near Bellevue avenue, containing 53,075 square feet of land to Mr. Edward J. Berwind, of New York.

A. W. Luther has rented for P. H. Morgan of Newport, on five years' lease, his hotel, "The Thorndike," at Jamestown, to M. S. Gilson, of Boston, Mass.

Washington Matters.

Dewey's Candidacy—Secretary Gage Out-wrote a Newspaper—General Otis is Coming Home—The Porto Rico Bill.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1900.

The Dewey era is now out of the bag and in full sight of everybody. The admiral has simply allowed himself to be used by those democrats who still have hopes of keeping Mr. Bryan out of the democratic nomination. It is the democratic nomination that the Admiral expects to get. He has declared himself to be a democrat, although he has never cast a vote, and says the only time he ever desired to vote was when Mr. Cleveland was a candidate for President. The only effect of his candidacy will be humiliation for himself. It is now known that his announcement has fallen as flat everywhere else as it did in Washington, and the democrats in Congress, who ought to know the sentiment of their constituents, say that Dewey has no more chance of being nominated by the Kansas city convention than Grover Cleveland has. Among Admiral Dewey's real friends much regret is expressed that he should have listened to advice that must end in bringing him great humiliation. The Bryanites are already adding fuel to that humiliation by suggesting that Dewey may possibly be given the nomination for Vice President on the Bryan ticket. Just think of that! Will you! The hero of Manila Bay, the man who did more than any other man to give the United States the Philippines, and who has been referred to as the father of expansion, used as the tail of the Bryan ticket, on a platform opposing expansion and everything else that George Dewey was supposed to stand for. Surely that would be enough to make Dewey wish he had never been born.

Secretary Gage does not pose as a humorist, but the manner in which he outwitted the New York newspaper, which sought cheap advertising by bringing a Porto Rican laborer under contract to that city was a bit of official humor that was relished in Washington. Knowing that the only object in bringing the man from Porto Rico was advertising for the paper, Secretary Gage exercised his authority and ordered that the man be permitted to land in New York and to work under his contract until further notice, instead of refusing to allow him to land and giving the paper the opportunity to take the case in to the courts. There is already a case before the United States Supreme Court involving the question of whether the Constitution extends to Porto Rico, and if the decision in that case is not conclusive, others can easily be made without advertising any private business. Secretary Gage deserves credit for heading off that advertising scheme. The courts are not maintained for advertising purposes, even though theatrical stars do sometimes succeed in utilizing them for self-advertisement.

President McKinley's orders relieving General Otis of the command of the Philippines, whenever General Otis pleases to start home, and designating Major General MacArthur to replace him was issued solely in compliance with the wishes of General Otis, and was accompanied by a statement of the President's regrets that General Otis had asked, on account of his health, to be allowed to come home. As a mark of his appreciation of the good work done by General Otis, the President has authorized him to select the route by which he will return, just as he did for Dewey when he came home.

While nothing like a formal agreement has been entered into or even proposed, there seems to be a sort of tacit understanding among Senators that no attempt will be made to get a vote on the Nicaragua Canal Treaty at the present session, and that the Nicaragua Canal bill will also be allowed to go over until the next session. Several things have contributed to this understanding, not the least of which is the desire of Republicans to bring the present session of Congress to a close before the meeting of the National Convention.

The bill providing a government for the territory of Hawaii is now in Conference, the House having passed an amended substitute for the Senate bill.

The House will this week pass the Porto Rico Bill, just as it was passed by the Senate. The large number of Republican absentees prevented this being done last week, right after the caucus with only one dissenting vote decided that it was better to pass the bill than to further amend it. Since then every unpaired Republican has been notified to return to Washington. The Democrats have also ordered all of their absentees to be on hand with the hope that enough Republicans will vote against the bill, or purposely absent themselves when the vote is taken to enable them to defeat the bill. The Republican leaders are not at all alarmed, only they do not intend to take any chances. As soon as they are certain that they have the votes to pass the bill, it will be reported from the Ways and Means Committee, and a special rule will be reported from the Committee on rules to vote on it the same day.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyright, 1900, by W. T. Foster.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 14.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from April 22 to 26 and the next will reach Pacific coast about 27, cross west of Rockies country by close of 28, great central valleys 29 to May 1, eastern states May 2.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about 27, great central valleys 29, eastern states May 1. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about 30, great central valleys May 2, eastern states May 4.

Temperature of the week ending 3 a. m. April 30 will average below normal in the great central valleys, below in eastern states, and above on Pacific slope. Rainfall for same period will be deficient.

About date of this bulletin temperature will be going from low to higher degrees and this rise will be closely followed by the coolest part of April.

A rapid rise is expected not far from April 29 on meridian 90—earlier west, later east—causing a great high temperature wave and making a noticeable contrast with the low temperatures immediately preceding.

Corn planting time for the principal maize producing northern states has arrived. In the Ohio, Missouri, and upper Mississippi valleys the aim should be to secure an early maturing crop.

The reverse will be best for spring wheat in the northern states. A late maturing crop of this cereal will probably succeed best.

The cotton crop will have about the average time for maturing in the fall months and planters should follow the methods of planting that have averaged best in the past.

Happy Women

who have been relieved of painful menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are constantly writing grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cured them. It always relieves painful periods and no woman who suffers should be without this knowledge.

Nearly all the ills of women result from some derangement of the female organism. Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine makes women healthy; of this there is overwhelming proof.

Don't experiment. If you suffer get this medicine and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Eclipse of the Sun.

The Southern Railway announces that the eclipse of the Sun, May 28, 1900, will be visible at various points along its line in Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. For this occasion we will make a rate of 4 cents per mile, one way for the round trip, for parties of ten or more traveling together on one ticket, within the territory of the South-Eastern Passenger Association—short line distance to govern.

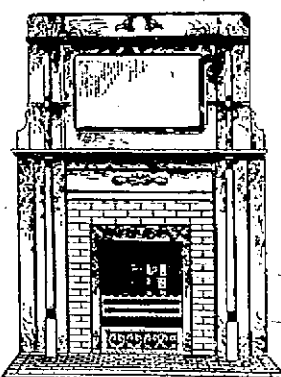
Specific advice of movement will have to be given to the lines in advance, so they may get authority for the dates, the limits of the tickets and the points to which it is desired that they be sold. For further information apply to Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, 1185 Broadway, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brown, of Norwich, Ct., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cole in this city this week. Mrs. Brown will remain here for a short time.

On the Monday and Tuesday in Easter week and on the festivals of St. Mark and St. Philip and James there will be celebration of the Holy Communion in Kay Chapel at 11 o'clock.

WOOD MANTELS,

150 Different Designs.



It is no exaggeration to say that we carry a large and more complete stock of Mantels and Fire-place goods, than all other dealers in New England. No other house in the country can possibly sell the same quality of goods at the prices we quote. Why? Because we manufacture largely and at certain seasons of the year retail our goods at wholesale prices.

As an Example, The mantel as shown above is solid oak well finished; solid wood carving and French Plate Mirror.

Price During this Sale, \$18.00

Coal Grate, Enamel Tile Facing and Hearth, \$18.00

Mantel is 5 feet wide over sill and 6 feet 5 inches high. Special attention given to mail orders. No charge for packing. Freight allowed to your city.

Crooker Mantel & Tile Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Wareroom, 22-24 Weybosset St. Factory, Manchester St.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co.

TRUCKERS

General Forwarders.

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.

Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Avenue.

BRANCH OFFICES, 22 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 571-2.

FREE TO OCCUPANTS.

The experience of A. S. Snow & Co., in obtaining more than 2000 patents for inventors has enabled them to helpfully answer many questions relating to the protection of intellectual property. They have done in a pamphlet treating fully of United States and foreign patents, with cost of same, and how to procure them (trademark designs, caveat, infringements, decisions in leading patent cases, etc., etc.).

This pamphlet will be sent free to anyone writing to A. S. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS and HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 FINESTREET.

R. W. PRATICE.

JAMESTOWN

Real Estate Agency.

Furnished Cottages for the Season of 1900.

A. W. LUTHER,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

Ferry Wharf, 32414 Jamestown, R. I.

Beware of Quackery for Catarrh that costs Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is sold exclusively by druggists. It is taken internally and acts upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL, 1900.	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	High water
11 Sat	5 24 16	34 17	45 17	55 17	65 17	75 17	85 17	10
12 Sun	6 22 18	32 18	43 18	53 18	63 18	73 18	83 18	10
13 Mon	6 21 18	31 18	42 18	52 18	62 18	72 18	82 18	10
14 Tue	6 20 18	30 18	41 18	51 18	61 18	71 18	81 18	10
15 Wed	5 19 18	29 18	40 18	50 18	60 18	70 18	80 18	10
16 Thurs	5 18 18	28 18	39 18	49 18	59 18	69 18	79 18	10
17 Fri	5 17 18	27 18	38 18	48 18	58 18	68 18	78 18	10

First Quarter 6th day, 8 1/2. 5 a.m., evening.

Full Moon 11th, 8 1/2. 2 a.m., evening.

Last Quarter 18th, 3 a.m., morning.

New Moon 26th day, 8 1/2. 2 a.m., morning.

A. O'D. Taylor.

Real Estate Agent, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Furnished Cottages for the Summer Season

To NEXT, in both Newport and Jamestown, R. I., from \$20 to \$50.00 in Jamestown. Printed Rates and full particulars sent on application.

PRIVATE TELEPHONE NO. 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 28th inst., Mary, wife of William Callahan, aged 75 years.

In this city, 12th inst., at his residence, 1218 North Main street, Thomas E. son of Bridget and the late Patrick Cassidy, aged 49 years.

In this city, 10th inst., Grace Kington, daughter of William H. H. and Abby Munro Thompson, aged 25 years.

In this city, 10th inst., Phoebe Ann, widow of Amos C. Brown, aged 81 years.

In this city, 10th inst., Charles A. Chase, of 25th year of age.

In this city, 7th inst., at his residence, 9 Stockton street, John Wood, of Central Village, Westport, aged 75 years.

In this city, 6th inst., Sarah Fitzpatrick, widow of William A. Sweet, in the 74th year of her age.

In this city, April 8, Michael P. Smyth.

In this city, April 7, Amelia Brightman, wife of Francis Stimppe, in her 71st year.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., April 12, Joseph

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Baby Foxes at Play.

One of the most fascinating bits of animal study is to begeth at the very beginning of fox education, that is, to find a fox den and to watch the mother fox in June and July at a distance, where you can watch the entrance through your field glass. Every afternoon the young foxes come out to play in the sunshine, like so many kittens. Bright little bundles of yellow fur they seem, full of tricks and whims, with pointed faces that change only from exclamation to interrogation points and back again. For hours at a stretch they roll about and chase tails and pounce upon the quiet old mother with fierce little barks.

One climbs laboriously up the rock behind the den and sits on his tail, gravely surveying the great landscape, with a comical little air of importance, as if he owned it all. When called to come down he is afraid, and makes a great do-do about it. Another has been crouching for five minutes beyond a tuft of grass, watching, like a cat at a rat-hole, for some one to come up and be pounced upon. Another is working something out of the ground—a cricket, perhaps, or a double-bug—and the fourth never ceases to worry the patient old mother till she moves away and lies down by herself in the shadow of a ground cedar.

As the afternoon wears away and long shadows come creeping up the hillside, the mother rises suddenly and goes back to the den. The little ones stop their play and gather about her. You strain your ears for the slightest sound, but hear nothing. Yet there she is, plating talking to them; and they are listening. She turns her head and the cubs scamper into the den's mouth.

A moment she stands listening, looking; just within the dark entrance you get a glimpse of four pointed black noses and a cluster of bright little eyes, wide open for a last look. Then she trots away, planning her hunt, till she disappears down by the brook. When she is gone eyes and noses draw back. Only a dark, silent hole in the bank is left. You will not see them again—not unless you stay to watch by moonlight till mother fox comes back, with a fringe of field mice hanging from her lips or a young turkey thrown across her shoulders.—Christian Register.

He Saved Her Life.

She had lost control of her wheel, and in another moment she would have been precipitated into the terrible abyss. But he caught her just in time. He had long sought her hand in marriage; now she held it out to him, saying: "You have saved my life; I am yours."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "this is too blissful to be true. And will you give up your wheel and ride one of the same make as mine?"

"Alas!" she murmured, "it is as I feared! He loves me not! Better I were dead than live to find him false!"

Fuddy. "I hear that Mrs. Gimple was at your house yesterday. They say she is quite a conversationalist. What have you to say about it?"

Dudley. "I have every reason to believe that she is a fluent talker; you see, as I didn't go with Mrs. Gimple to the front door with her when she started to go, of course I cannot speak definitely."

Artificial Compliment: Mrs. Sweetser (fair, fat and forty). "You think of it! The mitey age of myself and husband is eighty-five years."

Mr. Oldbow. "And is it possible that Mr. Sweetser has passed his sixtieth birthday? Really, he doesn't look it."

COPPER MINING STOCKS.

First Price

For development purposes the Bunker Hill-Sullivan Copper Mining Co., whose mines are at Isma, Washington, offers a limited amount of full-paid and non-assessable treasury stock at 15c. per share. Par value, \$1.00.

At the opening of a mine money in hand, with more to follow at regular periods, is much more valuable than later. The present investors secure foundational advantages in the large increase of values which their money produces. Several mines in this section have doubled and quadrupled the value and price of their stocks by only a few months development.

This is one of the most remarkable new copper mining districts ever discovered. The gold and silver values, in some instances, pay more than all expenses of mining and reduction.

Our claims, in its richest section, are near the John D. and Elliot, and are evidently a continuation of the Copper Queen lead, which has produced some of the finest ore in the district.

Monthly payments if desired. This enables larger purchase before development causes increase of price, and we can depend upon receiving the installments as needed in our work. The advantage is mutual.

Ours is an Eastern Company, and therefore easily investigated. For prospectus and full information, address,

JOSHUA T. NOWELL, Fiscal Agent,
Stock Exchange Bldg., 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

GREGORY'S Seeds

For New England Farmers

When onions or other vegetables are low, who gets the cream price? The man who carries to market the finest lot. Quality in the seed gives quality to the crop. Mr. Sullivan, of Revere, raised a third more from my seed than from common-planted seed by side.

Why not have your cabbage, carrots, and other seed, grown from carefully hand-picked stock? Have you tried Golden Breeze Squash, Surprise Pea, Maximum Lettuce, the true Golden Market Corn, Excelsior Pea, Washington Potato, Swiss Early Potato and Russetka—*all capital sorts.*

My catalogue (free) tells all about them.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

Women's Dep't.

Twelve Good Women.

Miss Carey's motto for her present book on "Twelve Notable Good Women" might well have been "Earth's noblest thing is a woman perfected." We need not go back very far, nor yet leave our own country, to find women whose names might shine with splendor beside those presented by Miss Carey. Our own Frances Willard, Helen Gould, and Clara Barton should serve as excellent examples of women who have done much toward the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor and sick, while the number of women who are today doing good work here in New York alone is legion. But Miss Carey has confined herself to English states, and limited her number to twelve, and as a result we have a list of perhaps the very best-known English women of that large corps of workers. If a good woman, as the poet says, "is a crowning jewel," England's diadem is indeed resplendent with the light shed by such names as Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, Agnes Weston, and Dorothy Pattison.

In this list of twelve the British royal family is well represented by Queen Victoria, the Princess of Wales, Princess Alice and the Duchess of York. In the short sketches of their lives Miss Carey strives to show us more of the women and more of the Princesses. At the coronation it is the fair hair of Victoria the girl that we see, rather than the crown that rests upon it; it is the grief of Victoria the woman at the death of her husband, and her conscientious striving to do her duty that makes her history one of living interest, rather than the high position to which she has been called, and brings to us a keener realization that a "woman's work" lies in the fullness of her womanhood; therein alone is her royal.

There is no new light shed upon the life of England's Queen in this simple sketch, only an evident and successful attempt made by a loyal subject to demonstrate the many noble virtues of her sovereign. The life of Princess Alice, the second daughter of Queen Victoria, was one of singular sweetness and goodness. During the troublous times in which she lived her work among the hospitals was truly heroic; at a time, too, when she herself was laboring under the anxieties occasioned by the absence of her own husband upon the battlefield. The 11th of December was observed with conflicting feelings by members of the royal family. It marks the passing away in 1890 of the Prince Consort; on the same date, the following year, the Prince of Wales was declared out of danger of that disease which had proved fatal to his father, and exactly seventeen years later the Princess Alice succumbed to an attack of diphtheria, which had already robbed her of her little daughter.

After her marriage with Louis of Hesse, her letters are filled with a filial devotion as well as a deep appreciation of her own happiness. She writes:

"If I could relinquish some of my present happiness to restore you some of yours, with a full heart would I do it. But God's will be done. *** You tell me to speak to you of my happiness—our happiness. You will understand the feeling which made me silent before you, my own dear, bereaved mother, on that point. *** If I say I love my dear husband that is scarcely enough; it is love and esteem which furcasses daily, hourly. *** What was life before to what it is now?"

There is such blessed peace in being by his side. *** There is such a feeling of security; and we two have a world of our own when we are together which nothing can touch or intrude upon. But it is the heroic deeds such as were accomplished by Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale that win our warmest applause. The work they have done at Newgate and in the camps are the most lasting monuments that can ever be reared to their memories. Both of gentle birth, with social opportunities in plenty, the noble sacrifice of their lives stands out in all the more prominence.

In the life of Dorothy Pattison, better known as "Sister Dora," is probably revealed more clearly than in any of the other sketches the lights and shadows of the woman's nature. Her virtues were divine, but her faults were human. Gifted with a bright and winsome manner, a cheerful presence, and a joyous nature, she was well fitted as a companion to the sick. Probably her greatest weakness (which, alas! is shared by many of us who have much less reason) was the motive which prompted her to surround herself in the hospitals by inferior assistants, and the antagonistic manner she assumed toward any of the nurses who evinced more than ordinary skill.

Of the other women Miss Carey mentions—Agnes Weston, Lady Henry Somerset, Frances Haverall, and the Baroness Blandford—there are glimpses we have of their lives make us feel that here, indeed, are they "to whom were given so much of earth, so much of heaven."

The Ohio House of Representatives has passed a bill which provides that women employed to do work of any kind shall, in the absence of a contract agreement be paid the same wages as men receive for similar work.

The women of Kansas City have banded themselves into a society for the promotion of home industry, and will do all they can to further the commercial interests of their city. After a comparison of imported and home manufactured articles, they declare in favor of the latter. One of the members has instructed her grocer to send provisions "made in Kansas City" whenever possible.

A young woman, named Erika Thulaz, has applied to the Budapest Board of Examiners for a certificate to practice as an architect. She already has her certificate as a draughtsman and as a master mason, but now she must demonstrate her ability in practice to control bodies of men, and therefore must undergo a public trial. If she succeeds she will be the first woman architect of Austria-Hungary.

William—If that medicine makes you feel worse, Ellen, why do you keep on taking it? "Why?" I'm not going to pay eighty-five cents for medicine, William; and then waste it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir, is the light of my existence.
Her Father—Oh, that's it, eh? I've often wondered how you could even see her, with the gas-trailers so low.

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Costs less than One Cent a cup.

Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Distances In London.

There is no city in the world which levies so heavy a tax of distance as London. There are thousands of men there who, in an ordinary business life of twenty years, to and fro and roundabout, have travelled the equivalent of four or five times around the globe. Swift or slow locomotion, which of our accountants can estimate the time spent in transit? Or even the days, and possibly weeks of loss that in the course of a year are levied on multitudes by the belated train, the cab that is blocked or the drooling bus? It seems almost a civilized cruelty that thousands of working men should have to leave their homes at 1.30 every morning. When, day after day, sixteen people travel in a compartment for ten, it would appear that an officer of health is as necessary as a ticket collector. When a kindly clergyman throws open his church before the winter's dawn that women coming up by the early trains may take refuge there and rest before the 8 o'clock business begins, we wonder what the home breakfast table remembers. Chaos seems returning when we hear of two thousand people crowding a suburban station on a foggy morning and scrambling for places to town. Whereabouts the revolutionary process, this whirl of London, has its place is a speculation for scientists. Does it develop or weaken vitality? Does it quicken or numb the higher susceptibilities? We cannot doubt that it must affect the brain, and in ways undreamed of the quality of thought and the life of the people. The pace, as well as the distance, is a factor in the cities. Is London to multiply its millions, and to go forever swinging from the centre to the suburbs and from the suburbs to the centre, like a tide? Is it to be the climax of civilization that we join our senses with the mole's and travel by tunneling the foundations? Is electricity to be the subterranean cab horse of the future? What if, to crown all, an earthquake dislocated the substructures?—Leisure Hour.

Story of the Topaz.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the stone derives its attribute:

The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen globe before his palace gates and sit beside them on certain days, hearing and putting to rights the grievances of many of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong and immediately admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained.

One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen globe with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should arrest the creature, and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her crest lowly, in homage and straightway told the following tale:

Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killing the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The Emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the Emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps into the royal chamber, and laid upon each of the Emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke he found he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude.—Philadelphia Press.

There are seventeen military and naval uniforms in which the prince of Wales may appear. He also has four foreign uniforms, namely, as honorary colonel of the 4th Dorsetshire (Blancher) Hussars, the 1st Anglo-Hungarian Hussars and the 1st regiment of Russian dragons, and a suit of the 1st Prussian regiment dragon guards.

The yellow and red Spanish flag is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown in 1785. The French tricolor was first flown in 1793, the red English ensign, with the present union jack in the upper canton, in 1801; the present Italian flag in 1848, present Austro-Hungarian flag in 1867, and the German flag in 1871.

Wall paper having an apparent value of \$400,000, but in reality worth nothing, decorated the study of a New York business man. It is composed of thousands of 6 per cent. bonds, engraved and printed at a cost of \$2500 for a company which, falling to attract investors, died before it could be floated.

Guzzler. Have a drink?
Bones (who is going slow). No, thanks; I've just had a swallow.
Guzzler. But one swallow doesn't make a summer.

Bones. But it sometimes means an early fall.—Philadelphia Record.

In Englewood, a Chicago suburb, the board of education compels pupils who have been absent from school four days or more to submit to a medical examination by a physician appointed by the board before being readmitted to school.

Benne recently had an assembly of Swiss singing societies numbering no less than 84, with 5,000 members, who sang for prizes to audiences of 17,000 in a specially constructed building.

Mrs. Church—Did you ever catch your husband flirting?
Mrs. Gotham—That's the way I did catch him.

CASTORIA.

Be sure the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Work of Salamanders.

In many places in the extreme southern states, especially in what is locally known as the "piney woods," one of the most notable features is the constantly recurring mounds of yellow sand which everywhere dot and, it must be confessed, disfigure the monotonous landscape. These piles of earth are usually nearly circular in form, fairly symmetrical in contour, from six inches to two feet in diameter, and, save where they have been beaten down by rain or whirled or trampled by cattle, about half as high as they are broad. Often these sand heaps are pretty evenly distributed, sometimes so thickly as to cover at least one-fourth of the soil surface. If you ask a native of the cause of this singular phenomenon, which you will perhaps at first be disposed to consider a kind of armenaceous eruption which has somehow broken out on the face of nature, your informant will sentimentally reply, "Salamanders!" All this disfigurement is indeed the work of a curious little rodent popularly so named and about the size and color of an ordinary rat. He is seen above ground if he can possibly help it. He digs innumerable manholes, underground tunnels, at depths varying from one to six feet, and these mounds of sand are simply the "dump heaps" which, in his engineering operations, he finds it necessary to make. After carrying the excavated earth to the surface this cautious little miner takes the greatest pains to cover up his tracks. No opening into his burrow is left. How he manages so carefully to smooth over his little sand mound and then literally "pull the hole in after him" is as yet unexplained.

Robin Hood's Oak.

Legend has it that the gigantic oak still standing in Sherwood forest, Nottinghamshire, is the veritable tree beneath the generous shade of which Robin Hood and his band of outlaws once assembled to hold council and to divide their booty.

Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, in the reign of Henry II., about the year 1160 or thereabouts. His real name was Robert Fitzooth, and he said that he was the earl of Huntingdon. Having squandered his fortune, and become an outlaw, he lived as a free-boater in Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire and Cumberland.

He died in 1247, and was buried near the monastery of Kirkstall, in Yorkshire, where (as the story goes) he was led to death by a treacherous nun, to whom he had entrusted himself.

The tree now stands in an opening in the forest, surrounded by a box hedge. Fifteen persons are able to stand in the trunk of the tree at one time.

Odd Burial Gowns.

David Garrick's widow carefully preserved all her wedding garments in order that they might serve as a shroud, and was buried in them. Margaret Costius, who was buried in Kent, England, ordered her body to be attired in scarlet satin and placed in a mahogany coffin, lined with green silk, with a glass over the entire casket, which she directed should be set up on end beside a tall clock in the parlor of her residence during the funeral. A court milliner of Queen Victoria, who died some years ago, left strict injunctions that her body should be entirely wrapped in point lace, and her shroud cost several thousand dollars.—Chicago Record.

Two Unusual Men.

"Daughter, is your husband amiable?" "Well, ma, he's just exactly like pa. When he gets his own way about everything, he's just lovely."—Detroit Free Press.

Mejigger—So he's married again. Married a widow.

Thinsuntob—Yes, with six children, ranging from two to fourteen years. When they line up they are regular steps.

Mejigger—Naturally; they're his stepchildren.—Philadelphia Press.

A schoolmaster who had been telling of the doings of Caesar, ended with, "And all this happened over fifteen hundred years ago." A little boy, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh, what a memory you've got!"—Tid-Bits.

Councillor (to suitor) Even if you are one of my daughter's love I cannot agree to this union unless you become another man. Suitor. With great pleasure; but your daughter will not want to marry another man.—Flegende Blaetter.

"My team," said ten-year-old Lucy, "is going to be an admiral." "Is he in the Naval Academy?" asked her sympathetic aunt. "Oh, no," replied the little woman; "he's too young for that yet, but he's having an anchor tattooed on his arm."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Murphy met in a street car and were discussing family affairs. "And how many children have you, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Five. Two live, two dead and wan in Philadelphia."—Sunshine.

"I have several reasons for not buying the horse," said the man. "The first is that I haven't the price, and—" "You needn't mention the others," interrupted the owner.—Philadelphia North American.

"Where were you born, Thomas?" asked the teacher, eyeing the new pupil, over his glasses.

"Born in sin," answered the frightened little boy, falling back upon his recollections of the catechism.

"Mrs. Langtry haughtily says she can get along without the aristocracy of this country." "Well, if she can't she's at perfect liberty to take it with her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Japanese Legend.

Once upon a time a priest named Jakusho went to China where the emperor happened to hold a mass in a temple splendidly adorned, and entertained a host of Buddhist monks. The emperor announced to his guest that on that occasion every priest invited should be allowed no attendant, and be ought to receive food by flying his own bowl. This order was issued, in fact, to examine the ability of the Japanese priest, and accordingly all Chinese prelates in their respective towns caused their bowls to fly and receive food. Now the turn came to Jakusho to do his duty, and he, who was sitting on the last seat in the meeting, began to hold up his bowl and to walk into the spot where food was being given. He was, however, interrupted by all lookers-on, who were unanimous in urging him to fly his bowl. Jakusho replied that "who cause one's bowl to fly is an art which needs special training I never underwent. Although Japan saw a few persons who were acquainted with this art, yet they did not perform it in public. How, then, can I cause my bowl to fly? But, seeing that the emperor would not cease to exact from him the performance of such a duty, Jakusho turned his face toward his fellow monks and silently prayed with the utmost devotion to the Buddhas and deities guarding it for their help to protect him from ignominy through his failure in the performance. Then suddenly his bowl began to turn like a spun top, went through the air swifter than all the other priests', and, receiving his portion, returned to him. This miracle, unexpected by the Chinese, impelled the emperor and all who were there to adore him as an unparalleled saint.—The Japanese of the Eleventh Century.

Custom Officer—Miss, you will have to let us know what that line trunk contains.

Miss Triller—Oh, nonsense! Custom Officer—But I demand in the name of the law.

Miss Triller—Well, didn't I just tell you the trunk contains non-sense? It is packed with love letters I received all over Europe.—Chicago News.

The demand for American horses for use in the British army has called attention to the fact that many are sent to England in time of peace. In 1893 over 11,000 were shipped from New York, most of them for use as "bus" horses in London and Liverpool. This particular field may not last long; some experiments are already being made in those cities with automobile "buses."

George Trevelyan mentioned that once when working with a lady, he had met Ruskin; and in the hope that the latter might say something characteristic he addressed the great man, asking him if he had heard the news. "What news?" was the reply. "Plevna has fallen." "Plevna? I never heard of it. I know nothing later than the fourteenth century."

"You look awful sick, old man. I'll telephone out to your house that you are coming home early."

"Oh no! Don't let my wife know."

"But why not?"

"She has been trying to get me home early for a month, to move some furniture."—Life.

Miss Crochet (after an attack upon the piano)—How do you like that? It is a song without words.

Fogg—It would be absolutely perfect but for one thing.

Miss Crochet—What's that, pray?

Fogg—If it was also without music.

—Boston Transcript.

"Keep out of debt, my boy" cautioned the old man; "people will think the better of you for it." "I don't know about that," remarked the argumentative youth. "It seems to me that the people I owe money to are the ones who are gladdest to see me."—Philadelphia Record.

Ashlin—Let me see! Somewhere I read of a book entitled, A Young Girl's Heart; do you know anything of it? Grimshaw—Yes; it came out right after A Young Man's Pocketbook.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children—while teething or afflicted with colic and broken of their rest by a sick child crying and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and gets a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Colic, regulates the bowels, soothes the gums, relieves inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

To love upward is heaven, to love down ward is divine.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of remedies in applying liquids to the nasal passages for coryza or rhinitis, the proprietors prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 25 cents. It is made of the finest ingredients and contains no harmful substances. It is quickly absorbed by the membrane and does not dry up the secretions but changes them to a natural and healthy character. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Industry gives the devil no elbow room.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are the most perfect remedy for all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, are readily yielded to the use of the Little Liver Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In visits at 25 cents.

Culture will never convert tares into wheat. Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

Many are sick of death without the courage to be well.

Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

The well known strengthening properties of Ely's Liquid Cream Balm for the nose and a most perfect remedy, are found in Carter's Little Liver Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

Chas. H. Fletcher

Tommy—Say, paw.

Mr. Figg. Well?

What is a kopee?

"A kopee is a place where the British stope, and it generally has a Boer or two on top."—Indianapolis Press.

